

GOOD JOCKEYS CROPPING UP Eastern Circuits to Get Money.

Coast Will Furnish More
Crack Riders for Big
Patrons.

McDaniel and Coterie of Fellows
Promise as Well as Did
Hildebrand.

From the present outlook there will
be no dearth of good jockeys on the
Eastern tracks this season.

In addition to a really large number
of capable boys who are now in the
pigeon, Tod Sloan may again place his
foot in the stirrup and out of the West
will come McDaniel, a clever light-
weight, who at present is riding in
great form at Los Angeles. Nicol, who
heads the list of winning jockeys at
New Orleans, is also looked upon as a
boy who is sure to distinguish himself.
Fuller, who led the jockeys in 1903,
but fell from grace last season, is said
to have mended his ways and will
again stick to the straight and nar-
row path, in which case his services
will be in keen demand. Hildebrand,
J. Davis, T. Burns, Redfern, O'Neill,
Egan, Odum, H. Cochrane, H. Phillips,
J. Martin, Travers, Crimmins, Gannon,
Leland and Wonderly will all be on call,
and without exception they are tried
and capable jockeys, who can be
counted on to do full justice to their
mounts under ordinary circumstances.
Opinions may differ as to their rela-
tive merits, but each one is qualified
to take the mount on any horse he
may be called on to ride. Then there
are a number of other boys who are
not far behind those mentioned in
skill, notably McCormack, Shilling, Sper-
ling, Bullman, Higgins and H. Calla-
han. All in all there will be fully
twelve jockeys of the first class to do
the bulk of the riding, with plenty of
others to fill in with if the fields are
large.

McDaniel and Nicol will be new to
the local circuit. McDaniel is the find
of the winter on the coast. He has
been riding with such marked success
that he has not suffered in compar-
ison with Hildebrand. "Tod" Sloan,
the erstwhile great jockey, was so im-
pressed with the youngster's riding at
Los Angeles this winter that he took
him to the track and showed him a
few of the boy's services. In speaking of
McDaniel Sloan said: "For a jockey of
his size I believe he is one of the
best I have ever seen. He is quick
at the post, has a nice pair of hands,
is a good judge of pace and a strong
finisher. He keeps his head, too, at
critical points, and seems to be a nat-
ural horseman." McDaniel only weighs
eighty-five pounds and will not lack
for mounts if he can ever get up to the
weight. In 1901 he rode 277 winners in Cal-
ifornia. Nicol, who leads the jockeys
at New Orleans, is also spoken of high-
ly, but if all reports are true he will
have to be governed with a tight hand.
Fuller has been riding with some suc-
cess at Los Angeles, but he is not re-
turn to his best form. When at his
best there are few, if any, better jock-
eys riding, and it is to be hoped that
he will pay the strict attention to rid-
ing that he needs.

W. Davis has signed to ride for Syd-
ney Paget this year. "Jack" Joyner
made a special trip to California to ar-
range the details. This means that Da-
vis should begin well, as he will have
the mount on a choice season. Hildebrand
is said to have signed with Harry
Payne Whitney for a retaining fee of
\$10,000. Hildebrand headed the list of
winning jockeys last year by a big
margin. In 1904 he won 398
trips, which stands as a record so far
as winning mounts is concerned in this
country. Since 1886 a number of jock-
eys have earned a better percentage.
His nearest rival in victories is T.
Burns, who rode 277 winners in 1903.
No other contracts have as yet been
announced, and it looks as if more
jockeys would ride free lance this year
than heretofore. Redfern will probably
renew his contract with R. Thomas.
T. Burns is even now in negotiation
with S. S. Brown for a continuance of
his last year's contract. O'Neill is al-
most sure to be retained by Newton
Benington, and Crimmins, it is said,
will ride for James R. Keene, Odum,
Egan, Lyne and Wonderly have made
no arrangements as yet and are not
likely to. They will get plenty of
work, however. Last year at this
time Hildebrand, W. Davis, Travers
and Crimmins were unknown to fame.
It is not unreasonable to believe that
McDaniel, Nicol and perhaps one or
two others may follow in their foot-
steps.

WALL FALLS DOWN.

System Falls to Break Bank at Monte
Carlo.

George Wall, the Englishman who
thought he was going to break the bank
at Monte Carlo with the aid of a calcu-
lating machine the size of a cigarette
case, has gone the way of countless
other optimists. His machine for the
first few days served him well, and won
considerable amounts at roulette. Then
something went wrong with the calculation
and Wall steadily lost until he quit
broke, but his belief in his machine is
still firm.

"It only needs a little perfecting," he
says, "then it will work properly and
the bank of Monte Carlo will surely go
broke."
The advent of Wall and his machine
brought no alarm to the Casino offi-
cials. Systems and men with mechan-
ical devices for breaking the bank have
been the runaways of this institution
since its inception. The machine which
investigates the mathematical of the rou-
lette wheel knows that there is a con-
stant percentage in favor of the bank,
which will inevitably take all the win-
nings. It must be borne in mind that
the result of past coups at the wheel is
no guide to the result of future coups
unless the wheel is out of order. There
is no means of knowing whether at any
given moment red or black or odd or
even will next turn up.



NEW YORK AMERICAN PITCHERS.

Never has a baseball club gotten together such an aggregation of pitch-
ers as the New York American's. The picture shows J. A. Whiteley, a
pupil of Amos Rusie, who Manager Griffith is confident will prove a star
of the first magnitude.

BARNEY OLDFIELD TELLS OF SPEED

Interesting Talk From
Great Chauffeur.

Thought His First 1:01 Mile
Was Limit on Circle
Track.

Motor Driving Practically New In-
dustry With Boundless
Future.

When I first made a mile in an auto-
mobile on a circular track in 1:01, I
thought that I had almost reached the
speed limit," said Barney Oldfield,
champion speed merchant, in discuss-
ing motor possibilities. Since that time
I have gradually reduced the figures to
0:53, made at Los Angeles, and now I
think that 0:50 is possible on the cir-
cular course. But it will take a different
sort of a machine from the ones in use
now. I have in mind a sort of "break"
car, high-powered and with a peculiar
frame construction, with which I think
I can reach the goal I have set.
"Motor car driving is practically a
new industry, and I believe that I am
the pioneer in this country. Winton
started the movement, but he re-
tired before the sport became popular.
When I first decided to take up the
game I was practically on my uppers.
I went into debt, scrounged around to
get a car, was helped out by Tom
Cooper, the old bicycle champion, and
finally reeled off that mile in 1:01. That
gave me a reputation to work on, but
even then I was far from being on Easy
street. My friends laughed at me and
advised me to go to work, but I stuck.
Things took a turn the next summer.
I started on a circuit of my own through
the little towns, and from the end of
May to August I cleared up \$10,000.
From that time on everything has been
sunshine.
"This sport is almost like the old
bicycle game. I have no use for road
races or road work, but I confine my at-
tention solely to the track. I have made
that my study and without wishing to

flatter myself, I think I have made a
science out of it, which, I believe, gives
me an advantage over my rivals.
Take, for instance, a driver in New
York. There is only one track near
home which he can use. He is allowed
on it only between 2 and 4 in the after-
noon, when the soil is soft and springy
for the horses, so that he derives little
or no benefit from the practice he gets.
I am out through the country, getting
the practical experience, racing almost
every day on all kinds of tracks and in
all kinds of weather. I know just the
right angles to take the turns, how to
work through the soft places in the
track and all the little tricks of manag-
ing a mile-a-minute rig like mine. I
strike New York the day of the race,
when the track has been put in shape
for automobile racing, and it gives me a
great advantage over the stay-at-
homes.

"I am going to follow my usual pro-
gramme next summer. I will not dodge
any competition, but will take pot-luck
with all the speed marvels they bring
forth. So far I have been able to hold
my own, and I think I will continue.
The one I most fear is this young
Frenchman, Bernin, who, I think, is a
science driver.
"No Bennett cup race for me, and, be-
sides, the returns are not enough if I
should win. The French manufacturers
can afford to pay big bonuses because
they sell their cars to the nobility for
large prices. Why, then, who won the
last race, received something like \$20,000
for doing so. No American maker could
pay anything like that."

Same Fellow Told Him.

Pitcher Leon Vlau, with Cleveland
for several seasons, was an in-and-
out, twirling a mastery game one day
and probably a very amateurish one the
next time he was in the box. But with
the grandstand full of pretty girls,
Vlau, who was then the Apollo of the
game, was at his best. In one fierce
battle with Anson's team the score in
the ninth was Cleveland 4, Chicago 2.
A Chicago runner was on third, two out
and Anson up. When the second strike
was called on "Pop," all the girls
clapped their hands and shouted:
"Strike him out, Lee!"

"Who told you that you were a ladies'
man?" snarled Anson.
Vlau wound one around the big fel-
low's neck before replying:
"Three strikes!" yelled the umpire.
"Now," said Vlau, "I'll answer your
question. The same fellow that told
you that you could bat."—Chicago Jour-
nal.

His Memory to Fault.

John Rogers is station master at Coun-
ter-Angus, on the Caledonian railway. He
was a plous man, but, like many other
railway men, he waxed a little profane
under excitement. John was a member of
the local Burns society and attended the
annual dinner regularly, getting a little
mellow by closing time. After one dinner
he got home among the "wee, snai"
hours, undressed himself with some diffi-
culty and went down on his knees beside
the bed, where he sent forth some inco-
herent mutterings.
"What's the matter, John?" asked his
better half. "Are ye no feelin' weel?"
"Am feelin' a richt," replied John, "but
I canna mind a damned word o' ma
prayers."

BOXING TOWNS GROWING FEW

Gradually They Are
Being Cut Off.

Nation Shuts Down With
New York and Stays
Shut.

Looks Bad in Many Places for the
Squared Circle Sport—Will
Revival Come?

The present boxing territory is just
about the smallest area allowed to the
sport since the days just prior to the
revival brought about by John L. Sul-
livan. Could a man be marked off, show-
ing how the sport stood in 1900,
when it was at its height, and also how
it stands today, the friends of pugilism
would shake a woeful skull. Seldom
did a defeated emperor of bygone
days lose as much land as has been
taken away from boxing. The history
of the past five years has been a long
succession of repeated defeats, spas-
modic flurries and then more over-
whelming blows. At this time, the
game was flourishing as it has not
flourished since. All the cities now
open to the sport were wider ajar, and
a lot of others. "As New York goes,
so goes the Nation," and this is true
in sport as well as in politics. When New
York ran wide open, the glove man was
welcome everywhere—when New York
shut down, it did not take long for other
towns to follow.

In the early spring of 1900, New York
was giving big purses. Brooklyn had
several fine clubs. The New York
State cities all had their little arenas,
and a fighter of good class could thrive
without ever going into another State.
New Jersey had several good clubs,
within an hour's jump from
Tammam hall. Philadelphia was run-
ning just as at the present time.

Over in Connecticut there were good
clubs at New London, New Haven
and other burghs. Boston was not open
—the Boston era came a little later.
Wheeling, W. Va., had a very fair
club. Cleveland, Cincinnati, Toledo and
Dayton were thriving. There was a
great deal of boxing in Indiana, Louis-
ville was a fine fighting center. St.
Louis was running smoothly and so
was Detroit. Chicago was booming
along with Tattersalls in full blast—
the Gans-McGovern fiasco still un-
devised. Milwaukee had its shows as
now. The territory open in the far
West was better than today, for such
cities as Seattle, Tacoma and Portland
were open, and San Francisco was
right in the swim.

Boxing, in brief, was the real goods
throughout an immense area, and the
profits were pouring into the pockets
of the promoters.
Then the flood came. First, New
York shut down. All the New York
State cities followed and feeble at-
tempts at shows on Canadian soil, dy-
ing from sheer inanition, were all that
died. The Gans-McGovern fiasco, the
whack, whack! Ohio, West Virginia,
Connecticut, Louisville, Chicago, New
Jersey—the doors closed all along the
line!

And those doors have never been
opened for any length of time. Chicago
has had some rallies, but with no per-
manency, and the game is now as dead
as the lamented Hamlet. Detroit is giv-
ing small shows only. St. Louis is
open to a small extent. Milwaukee gets
along all right. Baltimore is open and
not enough people go to the shows to
pay for shoe leather. San Francisco is
about to close down. Oh, me, oh, my,
what a prospect for the glove man!
These things go in waves. The wave
of suppression has reached its height.
When will the next wave of open pol-
icy sweep over?—Exchange.

Easy to Be Divorced.

Divorce procedure in Burmah is simple.
If a husband and wife decide the life to-
gether is an impossibility, she goes out
and buys two little candles of equal size,
made especially for the use of the unhap-
pily wedded. She brings the candles home
and then she and her husband sit down
on the floor, placing the candles be-
tween them. The candles are lighted at
the same moment, and one represents the
husband, the other the wife. The pair
watch the burning tapers anxiously, and
when custom decrees that the owner of the
one which goes out first is at once to leave
the house. The second candle may have
only flickered out a moment later, but its
possessor remains owner of the house and
all its contents, his or her late partner
going away with nothing but the clothes
worn at the moment.

Napoleon Lajoie Tells Queer Yarn

Marvelous Pitcher Who Showed Up
Once, Then Vanished for
All Time.

Napoleon Lajoie, the greatest hitter in
baseball, and who is managing the
Cleveland team, tells a weird tale of a
"wizard" in the person of a pitcher who
appeared for a job in Philadelphia several
years ago.

"We were out for morning practice one
day when a tall, angular, awkward man,
who looked more like a sailor than an
athlete, gained admittance to the park
and asked permission to work with us.
"It was an unusual proceeding, but we
told him to get busy. He went to the
outfield for a while and did fairly well
catching fungoes. Then he came in and
asked to pitch to us in practice. We
hadn't any of us been hitting much for a
week and were glad of a chance to bat
the ball a little in practice from a new
pitcher.

"Big Delehanthy made two or three
swings at the twister the stranger served
up to him, and then he turned around
to me. 'Nap, that fellow's a ringer,' he
said. 'We all laughed at Del's remark,
but the laugh didn't last. I was as help-
less before him that day as I am now-
days before Jack Chesbro's spit ball,
when it is working right. Dick Cool-
idge was mad all over because he couldn't hit
the new-fangled curves.

"Finally, we got behind the man and
watched in open-mouthed wonder the zig-
zag, round-the-corner, hide and seek
curve he pitched against the grandstand.
It was hard to tell whether you were on
a ball field or in the delirium tremens
ward of an infirmary hospital.

"What do you do for a living?' I asked
him in amazement.
"Oh, most anything," he said. 'Any-
thing that will earn me bread and butter
and a place to sleep. Help long ships,
sweep crossings—anything.'

"Wouldn't you like to earn \$500 or \$600
a month?"

"Oh, I don't know," he replied careles-
sly. 'Could I?'

"You certainly could if you can pitch
like that in a game. Come out here this
afternoon and I'll introduce you to Man-
ager Shetts."

"He was there at the appointed time

and showed Shetts his paces. Bernard
Donahue and the other pitchers looked
on him with voiceless astonishment. He
was a Rube Waddell, a Cy Young, a John
Clarkson, a Charles Radbourne, an Eddie
Beaton and a Clark Griffith all combined
in one.

"Shetts told him to come to the office
next day and sign a contract. That
night we all had dreams of the pennant
and of the consternation the new
pitcher's debut would create in the ranks
of the other clubs.

"But we never saw the fellow again.
He disappeared as suddenly as he ap-
peared and as completely as if he had
jumped into the muddy waters of the
Schuylkill. Detectives hired by the club
hunted high and low for him, and we
even advertised in the papers, but we got
no trace of him whatever.

"And never before and never since have
I seen such a marvelous exhibition of
masterful pitching as that unknown man
in shirt sleeves and overalls gave that day
in the presence of the most famous bat-
ting team ever organized."—Exchange.

Why the Indian's Horse Won.

A man who has traveled extensively in
the West among other anecdotes told this
one:

"I was present at a horserace in New
Mexico, one day, where a horse, belonging
to an Indian, has been matched against a
swift-footed pony, which was the prop-
erty of a cowboy. The pony was known
as a cowboy. The horse was known as
the white man to be a better racer than
the other animal and the race had been
arranged for the purpose of fleeing the
redskins. An impromptu course of a mile
had been arranged and the race was to be
four times over the course. The cowboys
gave their rider instructions to hold the
pony back until the finish so that they
could induce the Indians to make big bets.

"The Indian's horse took the lead at the
start and retained it. The cowboys of-
fered more money as the race progressed,
and the Indians seeing their horse in the
lead, took the wagers. So it went until
three and a half miles had been covered
and the Indians had bet all their pos-
sible against the money of the cowboys.
Then the cowboy rider put the spurs to
the pony. He passed the horse in the last
quarter and crossed the line five lengths
ahead.

"There were three judges. Two of them
were Indians and the other was a cowboy.
"We win," cried the cowboys, and started
to collect the bets, when the Indian judges
interposed:

"'Th, uh,' they grunted, 'Indian's horse
win!'

"How's that?" shouted the cowboys.

"Didn't the pony come in first?"

"But Indian's horse was in front most
of the way. Indians win!'

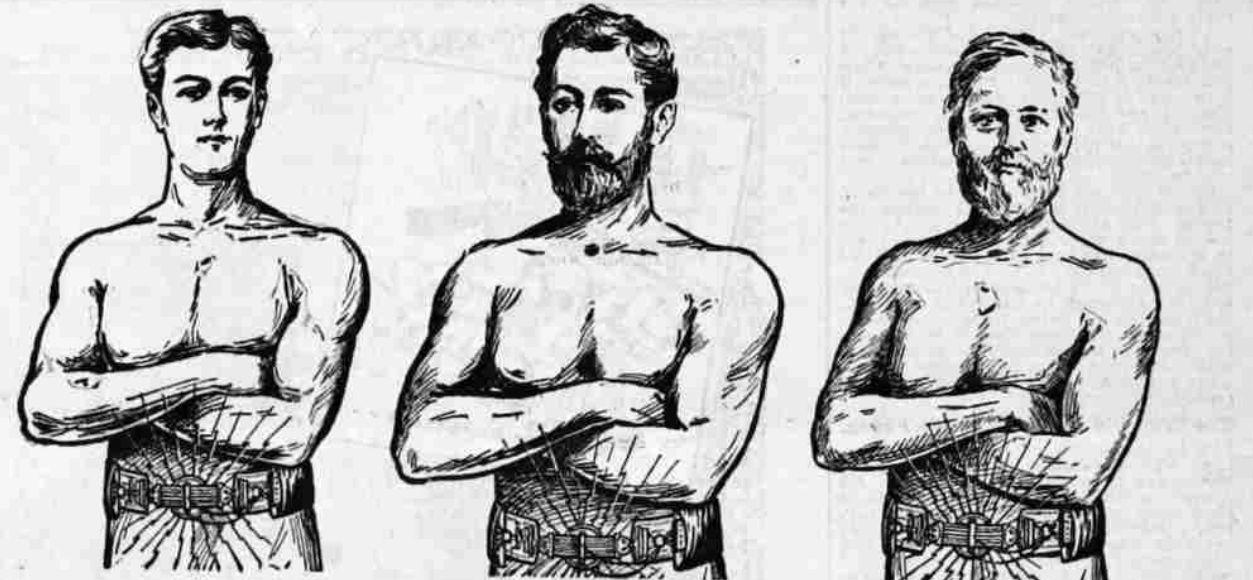
"The decision of the two Indian judges, and
there was no appeal."—Louisville Courier-
Journal.

Tells Odd Story About Jack Doyle

Joe Corbett Waxes Reminiscent, and
Goes Way Back to Days
of '97.

Appropos of the coming of Jack Doyle
into the Coast league, Joe Corbett tells
an interesting story of his experience
when he and Doyle were on the cham-
pion Oriole team in 1897. Corbett says
that if Doyle has not gone back he will
be a tower of strength to Manager Mc-
Creedie's Portland team. Joe says Doyle
has few equals in the profession in sliding
bases and tapping the home plate when
once on the paths. He sometimes lets
his tongue outrun him, however. In
speaking of him the other night Joe said
he was reminded of a game in which they
played against Brooklyn, when George
Harper was in the box against Corbett.
George started badly, and ten runs were
made off his pitching in the first inning.
The game was thought to be clinched,
and the Orioles indulged in a lot of horse-
play, the Orioles pulled themselves
together and scored eight times in the
fifth. In those days when a game was
lost it was invariably placed at the door
of the pitcher, no matter where the fault
really lay, and Corbett did a stunt which
put a stop to such tactics ever after. In
the fatal fifth the bases were full and a
bunt was laid down on the first-base line.
Corbett and Doyle both started for the
bunt, but Doyle, it only to throw
it wildly over Catcher Clarke's head, let-
ting in two runs. Corbett showed his
displeasure at the blunder, but Doyle
would not stand for a drubbing from Joe.
He began to use language peculiar to
himself, and matters were becoming in-
teresting, when Joe deliberately threw the
ball out of the inclosure and took his seat
on the bench, refusing to play with one
who so lavishly uncorked his vials of
wrath in words unprintable. Confusion
reigned for a time, but Joe was obdurate
and would not proceed.
Another pitcher
was substituted. It had its desired effect,
for the remainder of the season Doyle
kept his own counsel, especially at times
when he was so palpably lame, as in the
instance above cited. Joe has only words
of praise for the playing ability of Mc-
Creedie's new first baseman—San Fran-
cisco Bulletin.

FREE TO MEN OF ALL AGES.



In time of danger, while others become panic-stricken, a man leaps forward and becomes a hero. Who is he?
THE MANLY MAN! In the midst of business famine who is the man who pushes his enterprise through strife and
trouble to success? THE MANLY MAN! Who is the man who gains and holds the respect and esteem of his neigh-
bors and associates in business? THE MANLY MAN! THIS MANLY MAN is a man of courage, of strong heart,
good health and self-confidence, nerves that never flinch, muscles like bars of iron, a heart full of manly
courage, honored and respected by all who know him. Such are thousands upon thousands of men today who in
my nearly forty years' practice in electricity I have made out of even wrecks and weaklings. But to me, knowing
how, it is easy. I simply add Nature to complete what she intended, probably she was interfered with through in-
discretion of some kind. I have every reason for believing I can do the same for you. Anyway, I will risk my
appliance and time in giving you a trial. To show you my faith in my way of treating weak men, I will let you use
one of my famous Hercules

DR. SANDEN ELECTRIC BELTS With Electric Sus- pensory, absolutely FREE UNTIL CURED

If you are well and strong in, say two months, pay me my price—most cases low as \$5. If not, return belt and
the rest is closed. I will not ask one cent in advance or on deposit. Will I do it? Try me. Will only cost you a
stamp or call.

What would you not give to have your old vim back again? What would you not give to feel as you did a few
years ago; to have the same snap and energy; the same gladness, joyous, light-hearted spirit, and the physical
strength you used to have? You know you are not the same man, and you know you would like to be. You might
as well be, for my offer must convince you what I feel I can do for you. I will give you the use of the best Elec-
tric Belt the world knows, for as you probably know I am the father of the electric belt system. I will give you
advice gathered from the experience of nearly forty years' successful practice in my line—not equalled by any special-
ist today. (Imitators imitate my goods, but my great knowledge from long, successful experience cannot be imi-
tated), but this does not mean that I am giving my belts away; I cure you and then get my pay. By this method
I do ten-fold the good I would be trying to sell the weak "a pig in a bag." It pays me and it pays my patients.
This offer is especially to men who suffer from Debility, Varicocele, Impotence, Drains, Losses, etc., but my belt
also cures Rheumatism, Lame Back, Stomach, Liver and Kidney Troubles, General Ill Health, etc., and I give it on
same terms. It is simply worn around the body while you sleep. In the morning you wake up full of strength and vim,
prepared to face the world however you find it.

Call or write today and let me assist you to health and happiness, as I have so many thousand others. I will
at once arrange to give you my belt on terms mentioned, and also two best little books ever written upon electricity
and its medical uses. Address—

DR. T. N. SANDEN, 997 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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After 45 years' study of Nature and her laws along special lines, my superior advantages and ability go
without saying, and I unhesitatingly declare, and a successful record as a successful specialist in the treatment of
diseases of men backs up my claim that more men have been cured by me of VARICOCELE, HYDROCELE,
NERVO-SEXUAL DEBILITY, BLOOD POISON and REFLEX DISORDERS within the last 35 years than
by any specialists in the United States combined. This fact is self-evident and indisputable, and, with my
rates more reasonable, and treatment more successful, you do wrong to experiment with concerns whose meth-
ods are being frequently changed, and whose doctors are the scrapings together of transient and defunct con-
cerns.

Courtesy demands that we mention no names in a newspaper, but if you come to my office, I can furnish
some valuable information with the proofs so conclusive that you will not regard them as selfish arguments.

NERVO-SEXUAL DEBILITY CURED.

And will forfeit \$500 for any case taken under his treatment which he fails to cure if directions are fol-
lowed. All cases of piles cured. Liver and kidney complaint cured. All cases of fits cured. Tapeworm re-
moved with head or no pay. Office hours, 10 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.
Please send for a list of questions to Dr. C. W. Higgins, Salt Lake City, Utah.